

In a suburb

an old man on a lawn  
chair watches from an  
open garage. You rush

through his gaze by sun  
and slanting rain, past

neighbors toying with  
new cars, lovers hand  
in hand, kids shoveling

meaders through snow,  
a middle-aged couple sneer-

ing as they hoist groceries  
into afterglow. One

day the garage door rolls  
down and he has died. You walk

around experiencing your skin,  
as if somebody's watching.